

BL 2727

.D83

Copy 1

A JAW-BREAKER

—FOR—

INGERSOLL,

—AND HIS—

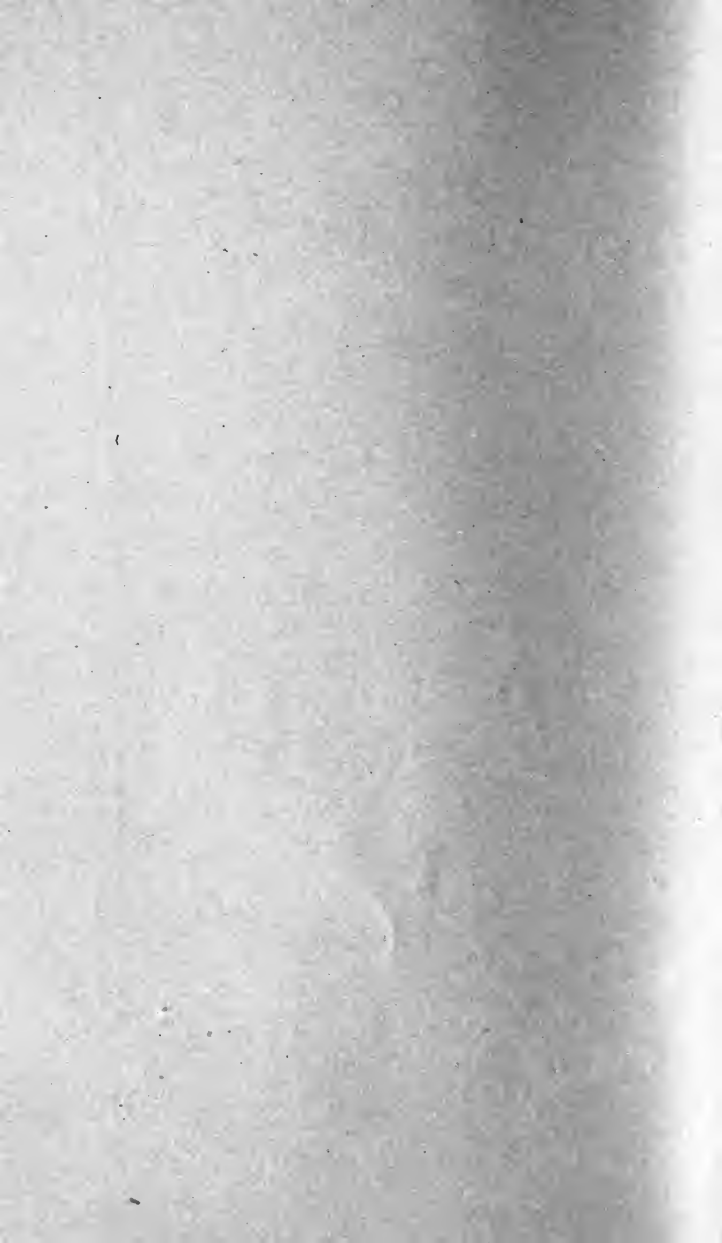
INFIDEL CONFEDERATES.

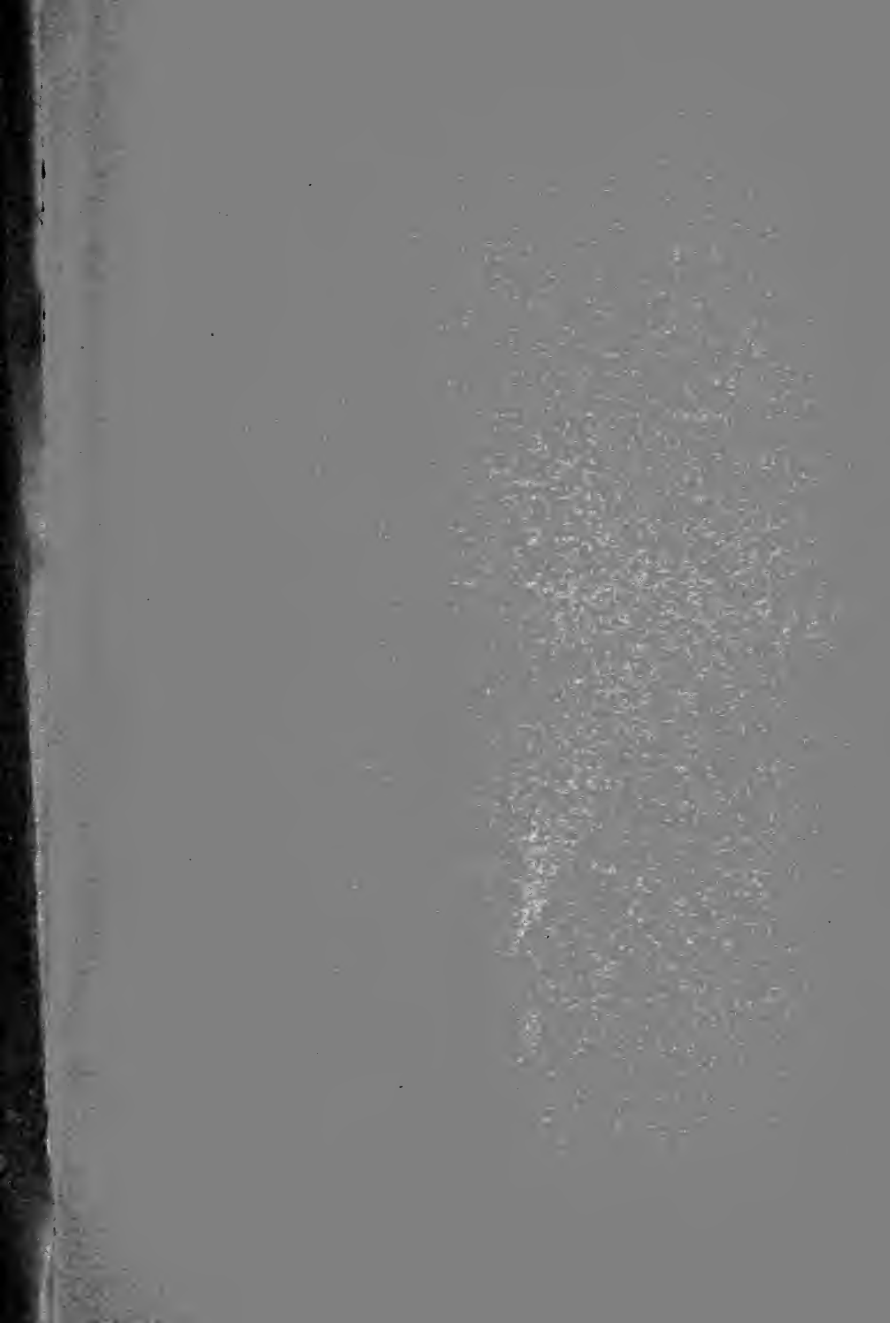
BY S. DUNNETT.

*Author of "The Philosophy of the Memory." Etc.*

—•••—  
"SENTINEL" PRINT:  
SOLOMON CITY, KANSAS.

1882.











A JAW-BREAKER

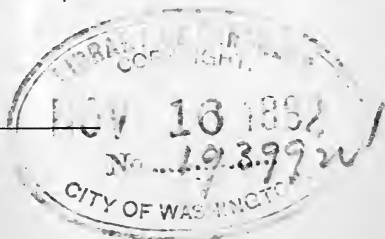
—FOR—

INGERSOLL,

—AND HIS—

INFIDEL CONFEDERATES,

BY S. DUNNETT.



*Price.—Eight for One Dollar, by Mail.*

B L 2727  
II 83

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1882, by  
S. DUNNETT,  
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



## INTRODUCTION.

This little book, which we here present to the public, is not designed for the learned—they can take care of themselves on all questions herein discussed. But there is a large portion of every community who have no taste for reading anything relating either to God our maker; or to the religious interest of mankind; or to God's moral government of the world; or to the future destiny of intelligent beings, if it requires much mental effort. Still, when subjects relating to their temporal interest or their spiritual welfare happen to be presented in harmony with their peculiar inclinations, and mental capabilities, they will often read to profit. The author hopes this object will be gained, because many who would not read learned works, though presented by master minds and with profound reasoning, may be induced to read small rhyme, simplified so as to be readily understood by ordinary capacities; but more especially are we concerned for the youth growing up all around us, and exposed to so many temptations.

S. DUNNETT.



*INGERSOLL ADMONISHED.*

Dear Sir, I have a word for you,  
Although your face I never saw,  
I wish you well, I say it's true,  
Though you despise God's holy law.

The universe you say is all  
The God you'll serve, or recognize,  
And by that you will stand or fall—  
The Lord Jehovah you despise.

O, tell it not to old or young,  
Keep these pernicious thoughts within;  
Why write so much and talk so long,  
To lead the youth in paths of sin?

There is a God, though you deny,  
And He is holy, just, and true.  
Take care, dear sir, for you must die;  
Impartial justice waits for you!

The judgment, sure, will find you then,

You cannot hide, or skulk away;

You must account for every sin

That you've committed, on that day.

What's all your bluster, noise and show

You make with tongue, and with your pen?

God's truth you labor not to know,

Although he says, be born again.

This solemn warning makes you laugh,

You train your mind to ridicule,

And claim that all on your behalf

Should speak your praise, and act your rule.

You take the Bible, and you read,

Then put your own construction on,

To build it up, you give no heed,

But labor hard to pull it down.

You read a passage, now and then,

And say there contradictions are,

And what it says of God and men

Is nothing but a priestly scare.

But you are wiser more by far,

Than those who have before you been,

For you've discovered that the law

Of Moses, is a law of sin.

You condescend to speak a word  
About the ten commandments given ;  
You say they are good, but not from God,  
And never were inspired from heaven.

How is it that you come to know  
So much about eternal things,  
When at the sacred cause of God  
You throw your spite with demon's wings?

My language, true, is strong indeed ;  
But with an atheist I deal.  
And you, dear sir, still stand in need  
Of something that will make you feel.

You claim that Moses broke the law—  
The ten commandments—all of them.  
The like of you none ever saw  
For hasty words, and reckless pen.

You try to prove your assertion true  
By truth from far, and falsehood near ;  
And when you find you've nothing new,  
You close your sentence with a sneer.

In this you have example old  
From Voltaire, Paine, and Byron too ;  
The truth from them was never told—  
They hated God as much as you.

You say your object is to take  
From human kind the dread of hell;  
For what they think, or do, or speak,  
Will to them in the end be well.

Your sense of judgment you despise  
If you believe the things you teach,  
An enemy to all, likewise,  
Whom argument can never reach.

You greatly err in what you say,  
That only fools and block-heads made  
The Bible, which you cast away,  
For on it you no hope have laid.

So you continue still in sin  
To gratify your carnal mind;  
But pause awhile, and look within,  
And there a wicked heart you'll find.

You are self deceived, and that is sure,  
For there's a God, and He is just,  
His ways are right, His heart is pure,  
Obey His law, and you'll be blessed!

I do not mean by this that you—  
A fallen creature like us all—  
Can make your heart entirely new,  
For deep's your stain, and great your fall!

But Christ, of whom you sometimes speak  
With marked indifference, though it's true,  
A Savior He, for all who seek,  
Died on the cross for me and you.

The Father sent Him down to earth,  
He lived a suffering life below;  
And they who walk with him by faith  
Eternal happiness will know.

But you profane the name of God,  
And laugh at pardon and at prayer;  
His word to you, you call no word,  
For it, you say, you do not care.

In this, no doubt, you speak the truth,  
No one will contradict you here.  
May God protect the rising youth  
From evils which you hold so dear.

We have no fear that you'll succeed  
To take the Christians' hope away,  
Which, like an anchor to their need,  
Holds them to Christ both night and day.

A life of faith they live below,  
A life of love to God and man;  
Their hearts are purified, they know:  
This truth you'll never overturn.

Now, Ingersoll, you'd better stop,  
And spend no more your breath in vain;  
For reason, which you call your prop,  
Speaks out to you, there is no gain:

For if you spend your strength for naught,  
In labor hard from day to day,  
To teach, as you before have taught,  
That Christians have no truth to say;

And thus continue, as you are,  
A hundred years, from first to last,  
Then find that you mistaken were,  
All hope is gone, and life is past!

So if you teach with all your might  
Hereafter, as you've done before;  
Confounding moral wrong and right,  
You'll stand *condemned* when life is o'er.

You cavil at the statement made  
By Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John;  
You say of them there was no need—  
The truth might have been told by one.

And so the inspiration of  
The whole, you promptly do deny,  
And at those holy men you scoff,  
And every one, you say, did lie.



But not that you a proof can bring  
Against the statements they have made,  
You merely say it's no such thing  
As what they in those books have said.

Now, surely sir, if this be all  
The argument that you can bring,  
Although you dip your pen in gall,  
Yet men and angels still will sing—

All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Who from the throne of God came down,  
And gives salvation just the same,  
Though infidels do on Him frown.

His glorious work will still go on  
In spite of earth, and all below;  
For Christ, the Father's only Son,  
Knows no retreat, nor weakness show.

You seem to think the scheme a fraud,  
That Christ should die for sinful man;  
You know but little of the Lord,  
And less about His wise design.

Repentance is to you a sham;  
Not so to those who wisely walk.  
An "honest Atheist," you claim  
May spend his time in foolish talk.

You say there no hereafter is,  
No God to call you to account;  
You give to sin your sympathies,  
And claim the Lord can't find you out.

You say Josephus never said  
A word about the Savior's death.  
How could your reckless mind be led  
To stray so far away from truth?

You've read the history, there's no doubt,  
And put your explanation on  
In hope that none will find you out,  
And censure you expect to shun.

And so you will, I'm bound to say,  
From Atheists and Deists vile,  
Who take for granted what you may  
Speak: truth or falsehood, they will smile.

Josephus says that Jesus was,  
At the suggestion of the Jews,  
Condemned by Pilate to the cross,  
Because he honored not their views.

Like you, and those who with you are  
Determined to oppose the truth,  
They scorned his doctrine everywhere,  
And ridiculed him from his youth.

It's true they all believed in God,  
High over all in earth and sky;  
But superstition had them led  
The Lord of Glory to deny.

And this is why he was condemned  
To suffer death upon the tree,  
To which he no resistance made,  
But wept and bled for you and me.

You say that Christ mistaken was,  
And sought deliverance from on high  
To save him from surrounding foes,  
That on the cross he might not die.

This statement, like the rest you make,  
About the blessed Son of God,  
Is proved to be a great mistake  
By every one who reads His word.

Did he not say, and often too,  
That God the Father sent Him down  
To save a sinful world from woe,  
And to the faithful give a crown

Of glory in the upper sky,  
At God's right hand, where all excel;  
But Him the Jews would crucify  
And with him should His servant dwell?

Whenever did He make attempt  
To skulk away, or run and hide,  
Or abuse the power the Father lent,  
For fear of being crucified?

You say he expected not to die,  
And prayed the Father would come down  
And take Him from Mt. Calvary,  
While Jews and Gentiles on Him frown.

If you would carefully read the book  
In which those sacred things are found,  
Back on yourself you'd cast a look  
Of shame, contempt, the most profound!

You say He to His Father prayed  
That He would save him from the cross;  
He never such expression made,  
And disappointed never was.

It's true His pure and holy mind  
Was sorrowful to death within;  
He sought His Father more to find  
Relief, to bear the weight of sin.

Thus: Save me, Father, from this hour,  
He cried in dreadful agony,  
For thou possesses boundless power;  
O, take this cup away from me.

While human nature thus did quell,  
And nearly sunk beneath its load,  
He claims the Father's promise well,  
Which stands recorded in His word.

You say you are an honest man,  
To criticise you have a right,  
And you will do the best you can  
To keep the Gospel out of sight.

If honest, you'll not deal unfair  
With what you read about the Lord;  
Nor snatch a sentence here and there  
To misconstrue His holy Word.

You would not treat a Nero thus,  
Nor Brutus, Cæsar, Socrates;  
You'd think it unbecoming was  
To derogate the Christians' foes.

But you have hatred, deep and foul,  
Against the Son of God and man,  
And struggle in your inmost soul  
To censure him whene'er you can.

And when you read his sacred prayer,  
And took that part which suits you best,  
Why did you not the whole declare?  
Why hush to silence all the rest?

For if he prayed that God would save  
Him, in the hour of dreadful pain,  
When strength and courage seemed to leave,  
Yet neither did he pray in vain.

Thus: If I sink beneath the load  
Which presses now my nature down,  
Thy will be done, for thou art good;  
Not mine, O Father, but thine own.

An answer to that prayer He had,  
And told His followers at the time  
That he would by the mob be led,  
Though he had power to strike them down.

All this He knew—though you deny—  
The Jewish council would condemn  
And give him up that death to die  
Of which He'd prophesied to them.

When Judas brought his army there  
'Twas dark at night, perhaps you know,  
He led the cowardly rebels where  
He with the Savior used to go.

With sword in hand, and staff besides,  
They urged their way to His retreat;  
In his Father's promise he resides,  
And hastens on the mob to meet.

Whom seek ye here? did Christ inquire;

Jesus of Nazareth, they reply.

I am the man whom you desire,

Said he, And do not fear to die.

I give myself into your hand—

No sign of weakness this in me;

I've taught you truth, throughout the land,

By that I'll stand, you all will see.

Already you have judged my case,—

A word not spoken in reply;

And no amendment will take place,

I know that I am doomed to die.

They made an effort to surround

The Savior, and the few with him;

But every one fell to the ground—

Confounded they were, all of them.

But Peter drew his sword to fight—

Like you, he did not understand

The length, the breath, the depth and height

Of God the Father's great command.

Put up thy sword into thy sheath,

For this you never learned from me;

My kingdom is not from beneath,

But from above, all men shall see.

In this you'll see, if see you will,  
How manly Jesus met His foes;  
Did them no harm, wished them no ill,  
But to the Sanhedrim he goes.

This council numbered seventy-two;  
Of many things they Him accused—  
But this to Him was nothing new,  
Nor how the soldiers him abused.

When did he give a single hint  
That he expected not to die?  
And who but you could ever think  
The Son of God would tell a lie?

Perhaps you've read a part at least,  
Of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount,  
Which to the Christian is a feast—  
Such teachings he with joy recount.

But you can see no beauty in  
The thrilling words that from him fell;  
Yea, words of power and wisdom seem,  
Which strike the heart like burning steel!

You say that reason guides you right.  
What reason have you here to show,  
When Christ was taken in the night,  
His approaching death He did not know?



Your reasoning, sir, is all a sham  
    Whene'er you tread on sacred ground;  
By it, you future life disclaim;  
    In this your reasonings still abound.

This god of yours has put you wrong,  
    By it your soul is captive led;  
Perverted reason has her throng  
    Among the living and the dead.

From whence do you your comfort draw,  
    If comfort you do really have?  
Because you laugh at Moral law,  
    And fools around you say you're brave?

No comfort this of any worth;  
    It's vain, delusive all within.  
The unbeliever's highest mirth  
    But sinks him deeper into sin.

Forsake at once your evil way,  
    Your opposition to the truth;  
Confess your sins, and learn to pray,  
    And help to save the rising youth.

The laurels you may here secure  
    By preaching that you have no soul,  
Will fade away, you may be sure,  
    Yes, long before you reach the goal.

And when your short career is run,  
And *matter* tells you, you must die—  
Which God you own, and only one—  
Men will pronounce your life a lie.  
Then, where's the glory you have gained,  
And where the converts you have made?  
The former you must leave behind—  
The latter follow in the shade;  
And follow you they surely will—  
The seed you've sown will ripen fast;  
And you will then be conscious still,  
And with them stand condemned at last.  
You see by this, that I believe  
The whole of life is not to live;  
Though sorrow we on earth shall have,  
Yet peace and joy beyond the grave.  
The Christian's hope is good and strong—  
His faith is fixed on Christ above;  
Although his conflicts here be long,  
Yet this he knows: that God is love!  
And whether life be short or long,  
He lives his Savior's mind to suit;  
Unlike you, sir, he sings the song:  
My soul is far above a brute!

For though this mortal flesh shall lay  
Beneath the ground, in yonder grave,  
To wait until the judgment day,  
When God shall call on it to leave;

For in the Word, which we revere,  
A truthful statement there is given,  
That Christ, the Savior, will appear  
And bring his followers home to heaven.

The soul immortal He will bring  
With Him when He descends to earth,  
While angel's voices loudly sing:  
Come, ye who know the second birth.

He never said that he would save  
But those who would believe on him;  
And all who will salvation have,  
Deliverance-unto them he'll bring.

But wicked men, *and you are one*,  
Whose character and life declare,  
Who scoff at God the Father's Son,  
A part in heaven you cannot share.

O, could I but prevail on you  
To pause awhile, and stop and think  
That, if eternity is true,  
You are sporting now upon the brink.

For when you hear the voice of God,  
Which shakes the heaven and earth away,  
You'll see fulfilled His sacred word,  
And rise to meet the judgment day.

What then can your companions do?  
What friend or foe can aid afford;  
You cry aloud for help, but now  
You stand condemned before the Lord.

And all the world, and more than this,  
You'd give, if you possession had,  
If you could but avoid the curse  
Which you have brought upon your head.

Your interrogatives we hear,  
On which your theory chiefly rests,  
Will all, like meteors disappear,  
And leave you in their smoke and dust.

Should these be facts, and phantoms not,  
Or something similar to the same,  
Your theory on that day will rot—  
No one will dare to speak your name.

Then calculate what you have done,  
(For time for this you'll surely have),  
To prove both vice and virtue one,  
And that they perish in the grave.

I make no doubt but that you think  
Your questions numerous, are profound--  
Questions at which the simple wink,  
But wisdom drops them to the ground.

You ask us why, if God is good,  
And Bible truth is what we tell,  
That he has not sent forth his word,  
And saved us from a yawning hell.

This question here concerns you not;  
If honest, you will say the same,  
For you possess what they've not got,  
And yet profane His holy name!

So if a nation, like you now,  
Were made to hear the Gospel word,  
And all at once should come to know  
Their duty is to praise the Lord;

What would be gained by this, I say,  
If you with them should take a place?  
You'd teach them they must never pray,  
But insult Jehovah to His face.

Again you ask why we've not had  
More light to guide us to the truth;  
And on us obligations laid  
To save from wrong the helpless youth.

You say that God, if God there be,  
Has not to man sufficient given  
Of evidence, that he might see  
His nature, and the way to heaven.

So you deny His word on this—  
His existence, too, you cast away;  
You scruple not to do amiss,  
But hasten on without delay.

The evidence that God doth give  
To show us how to walk aright,  
That in him here the soul may live  
And glorify Him day and night,

Is all an honest man could ask  
Or reason seek, or truth desire;  
But this to you is such a task,  
You choose an Atheist to admire.

You rest your faith on what I ask?  
The answer that you say 'twill give;  
No one will envy you the task  
To make the simplest child believe—

That matter no beginning had,  
That man immortal did not come  
From God, who made all things, and said:  
Fear not the scoffer—shun his doom.

Concerned you appear from day to day  
In reference to the Christian's God,  
Because the nations fail to obey  
The laws commanded in His word.

He should, you say, compel us all  
To obey His word, and praise His name;  
And save the nations from their fall,  
For if He's God He'll prove the same.

Why let them grope in darkness long,  
While doubt and fear enthrall their mind;  
Then frown upon the ignorant throng  
Because no better way they find?

How strange a man of sense and wit  
Should prostitute his noble mind  
To purposes so much unfit,  
As you, dear sir, which here we find?

It's true we have not used the words  
Verbatim, as yourself have said;  
But look again, and turn towards  
The charge which you on God have laid.

And then you must concede it all,  
That no exaggerations have  
Been made to injure you at all—  
Your words are bold, but nothing brave.

To please you, sir, Jehovah's voice  
Must force us all to do His will  
Regardless of our native choice,  
Which He in us preserveth still.

But what advantage this to you,  
Were it consistent with the Lord  
To force the human mind to do  
The things recorded in His word?

No glory this to Him could bring,  
Nor satisfaction to our mind,  
If God should force mankind to sing  
His praises from a fettered kind.

You claim that human mind is free  
To think, and do, and speak His will,  
Of good, or bad, just as we see,  
Do as we please, and fear no ill.

How, then, I ask can man be free,  
And yet his moral nature bound?  
A reasoner like yourself should see  
It's contradiction most profound.

For if he's free to do the right,  
In moral things, as we are told,  
He must be free to do the wrong;  
The same is true of young and old.



To force on man a single act  
In moral practice, I maintain  
Is tyranny, and that's the fact,  
And brings upon the Lord a stain.

We claim that God's a righteous King,  
And dealeth justly all the while,  
And songs to him will angels sing,  
And seraphs on his works will smile.

To all eternity on high  
Will nobler orders join in one  
To praise the Lamb, condemned to die  
When all your poisonous work is done.

Now, miracles you disbelieve—  
You say such things cannot be done;  
For testimony you receive  
Which contradicts what we affirm.

And yet for miracle you plead;  
You say, Why does He not control  
The nations, and supply their need,  
That every one may save his soul?

Can you not see, dear sir, and find  
That this cannot be done without  
A miracle wrought on the mind,  
And this you say you'll ever doubt.

You seem to think that you could tell,  
Had you been in the place of Him  
Who rules the universe so well,  
And sent His Son to Bethlehem,  
Just how to people out a world,  
What kind of creatures they should be;  
The secret, though, you have not told—  
When you commence, no doubt we'll see.  
Your business here is to complain  
And censure what your eyes behold;  
Instead of showing a better plan,  
You constantly condemn the old.  
Not wisdom this, you must admit—  
No politician would do so;  
*The nation judges such unfit  
To represent a friend or foe.*  
The atonement that the Saviour wrought—  
Who on the tree our pardon bought—  
You say a priestly dogma was:  
The whole a fraud, the same its laws.  
You ask no pardon from His hand,  
Opposed to Christ you always stand;  
You ridicule His sacred Name—  
By this you hope to spread your fame.

You say you cannot see it thus,  
 Why Christ the Lord should die for us.  
 The whole's a sham, so you declare,  
 And laugh away his earnest prayer.

Permit me, sir, to put you right,  
 Though you oppose with all your might,  
 The Son of God sent down from heaven  
 That we might have our sins forgiven.

God over all, and Lord most High,  
 Formed all in heaven, and earth, and sky;  
 He made us man, yes, from the clay,  
 The law He gave: He says obey.

This great command was disobeyed,  
 The one which God the Father made;  
 The test he gave, but simple was,—  
 No matter this, God made the laws. .

Now God has purposes which He  
 Has never yet revealed to me,  
 And you the same, and all mankind,  
 For none can comprehend His mind.

But He is good: this all may know;  
 To us He deigns His will to show.  
 And to the first in Eden He  
 Gave such a law as they might see.

And as the law was just and good,  
All like its Mighty Maker, God,  
What could they do, no way to fly,  
The penalty, that they must die!

A pardon now could not obtain,  
For by it nothing was to gain.  
To put them back from whence they came,  
The work must all be done again.

For reason tells us there's a God;  
The plan He laid, like Him, was good:  
That man should live on earth below,  
His Name to praise, and works to show.

That plan He into being brought,  
When man was made, and called from naught,  
This purpose, if immutable,  
To change it how? No one can tell.

If God had pardoned Adam when  
In Eden they committed sin,  
Without repentance on their part,  
While sinful passions ruled their heart,

He would not have consistent been,  
And that His creatures would have seen;  
For death he had the sentence made,  
This penalty on sinners laid.

His law, of course, must be enforced,  
Or truthfulness in God was lost;  
And pardon then must be passed by,  
For God our Maker cannot lie!

Provision none, the law did make,  
For those who choose that law to break;  
Though sorrow deep and inward strife,  
The law demanded still his life.

Though prayers are offered up to God,  
With earnest pleadings that He's good;  
He hears them all, but must reply :  
The sinner is condemned to die.

Reverse the sentence, Lord, I pray,  
Let not my soul be cast away--  
The breach not great, as I perceive--  
Forgive me, Lord, and let me live.

I cannot now forgive thy sin:  
Through it your heart's impure within;  
My law's dishonored by that one--  
The breach is made, the work is done.

What's true to-day, will ever be,  
The same through all eternity;  
And nations yet unborn will say:  
The sinner is condemned to die!

Why then did God not cast them off,  
Rejoins the infidel with scoff,  
If they His word did disobey  
As Christian men and women say?

Why talk of this, thou skeptic man,  
Why trifle with Jehovah's plan?  
Did he not from Eternity,  
Design that man an earth should be?

And those created by His word,  
By Him pronounced, were very good;  
The next creation must have been  
Just like the first who fell in sin.

Or else the Lord Jehovah had  
Mistaken been in what He said,  
That man His favorite creature was  
Endowed with power to keep his laws.

Man's retrogression from the Lord  
Did not disprove His holy word;  
Nor weakness in the least did show,  
For God his ways did all foreknow.

So had another race been made,  
And on them obligation laid,  
As free to stand as were the first,  
For none can say this is unjust.

Yet free to fall they must have been,  
And tempted, might have fell in sin;  
So God who sees from first to last,  
Let us remain. Which way is best?

Thus was our race preserved to live,  
And God to them a promise gave,  
That though mankind the law did break,  
Yet Christ, His Son, would undertake

To meet its claims, all just and true;  
The Savior came and died for you;  
The law was honored, which is good,  
For Jesus Christ kept every word!

But you, dear sir, dispute the plan,—  
It's but a dogma, you maintain;  
You say no merit Christ possessed  
That in the least can profit us.

You make an effort to deny  
Truth, both in heaven, and earth and sky,  
Especially what relates to God,  
Or Christ the Savior's precious blood.

The plan is deep which God has laid,  
But through His Son He gives us aid  
To trust in Him, through faith alone  
Believe and take Him as our own.

And thus the Savior dwells in them  
Who trust His grace, and praise His name;  
And we in Christ both live and move  
For He's the object of our love.

I speak not this to you alone,  
But those whom you have caused to frown  
Upon Jehovah's glorious plan,  
Which saves from ruin sinful man.

And if you should refuse to read  
These solemn warnings, which you need,  
Or laugh at them, and sneer away  
The truth, which they to you convey,

My motive will be just the same  
As if you honored Jesus' Name;  
So bear with me, again, I pray,  
And work while it is called to-day.

You say we no hereafter have,  
But all will perish in the grave.  
Sad thought if true! but true it's not;  
The words of Christ we've not forgot:

To them Eternal life I give,  
And with me they shall ever live;  
I at my Father's throne do stand,  
And none shall pluck them from my hand.



A rabbi replies to R. Ingersoll,  
An Atheist that we all know;  
But the rabbi himself has no faith at all  
In Him, who on earth came to show:

The rich and the poor, the young and the old,  
The will of his Father above.  
He taught to the alien, and sheep in the fold,  
That the secret of all is to love!

The strength of the rabbi's reply was in this:  
That Moses has written a law,  
And those who observe it Jehovah will bless,  
And defend them in peace and at war.

The truth of this sentiment none will deny  
Who believe in the prophets of old;  
But a part of the Bible the rabbi passed by,  
Like others who strayed from the fold.

The lecture itself may be all very good,  
So far as he went at the time;  
For to establish the truth he labored quite hard,  
But noticed that most sublime!

For though the old Testament speaks much of God,  
His greatness and goodness below;  
Yet it tells not the half of his dealings so good,  
As the New dispensation will show.

The rabbi is right for reproving a man,  
Who sneers at the name of a God;  
But wrong when he labors as hard as he can  
To ignore a great part of His word.

When David's attacked by Ingersoll's pen,  
The rabbi's indignant, we see;  
Not slow is he, either, to fully explain  
The Hebrew to you and to me.

But what will be gained by his eloquence now,  
Or in other generations to come,  
When the whole of his learning he uses to show  
That Christ is a Savior to none?

All that he has said is not worth a groat,  
To weaken the infidel's ranks;  
The reasoning he gives will all go for naught,  
And the skeptic continues his pranks.

It's true Mr. Ingersoll has not the truth—  
For the whole he prefers to deny.  
Whenever he ventures to instruct the youth,  
He tells them the Bible's a lie.

But you, my dear rabbi, have weakened your force  
By taking a part for the whole;  
Jehovah you honor, as a matter of course,  
Yet you give Him but part of your soul.

When Christ you deny as the Savior of all,  
The son of the Maker of man,  
The choice of the Father, on whom we should call,  
Explain it, dear sir, if you can.

Now, Ingersoll does not believe in a God,  
If we understand what he has said;  
The atonement he claims for nothing is good,  
And on it no stress should be laid.

No more we expect from a man of his mind  
Than to ridicule and blaspheme;  
But no help from a rabbi a Christian can find,  
Who despises our Savior's good name!

What gain would there be should the rabbi succeed  
In proving the infidel wrong;  
But he cannot do this, nor teach him his need  
By singing the old Jewish song!

Now Ingersoll does, we admit, misconstrue  
The Bible whenever we can—  
The Pantateuch, Psalms, and the Prophets also,  
Have a share in his utmost disdain.

So Moses and Christ both alike he despise,  
And claims that they both practiced fraud;  
The statements he made he says are unwise,  
And false he declares at a word.

Perhaps he is honest in what he repeats—

But an object of pity although;

For he knows not the subjects upon which he treats,

And cares not what harm he may do.

But we look not to him for example of good—

There is nothing like this he can give;

Reproach and dishonor he casts on the Lord

Who teaches mankind how to live.

But the rabbi stands forth as a teacher of men,

To teach and explain to us all

How important it is to do what we can,

And for help on Jehovah to call.

What effect will this have on a proud infidel,

Who laughs at religion and prayer,

To read the brief statement, tho' worded quite well,

From a rabbi who in Christ has no share?

The difference only between the two men

Is not in the kind, but degree;

For Ingersoll strikes out the whole with his pen,

The rabbi in part, as we see.

For while the good rabbi attempts to defend

The truth which religion contains,

He comes down to Malachi—that is his end—

The rest with the Christian remains.

Such lectures as this, to which we allude,  
Had better be kept with the Jew;  
No skeptic in Europe, or in this latitude,  
Will fear any harm they can do—

To an Atheist dark as Egypt of old,  
Or a Deist who believes there's a God,  
But denies Revelation, and says he is told  
That the Bible is not from the Lord;

Nor to Ingersoll, who is a shepherd of sin,  
Quite witty, presumptuous and bold;  
The talk of such rabbis will never win him,  
But he'll smile at the tales they have told.

Yet the Jew he'll respect to a certain degree,  
Because that with him he believes  
The atonement a sham, and always will be;  
And so Ingersoll laughs in his sleeves.

For a text this will give, though not very new,  
He'll take it without any doubt;  
Both questions and answers he'll give, not a few,  
For Robert knows what he's about.

The rabbi's position, which he has assumed,  
Will no credit receive from good men;  
Tho' this were his object, the note he has tuned  
Proves the Jews are a skeptical clan.

The rabbi is stale when he holds himself back  
To Moses and David and Job;  
Yet we gladly admit there's some truth in his tack,  
But the best's the New Testament word!

A few of his sect will applaud him, no doubt,  
And say he is learned and brave,  
Because much he can speak of the Bible thro'out  
And deny that Christ rose from the grave.

The service he renders to infidels here  
By ignoring the mission of Christ,  
Will secure to him censure from those who revere  
The Name, who's the first and the last.

And this is the course that men will pursue—  
They'll receive the whole Bible, or none;  
And infidels, too, both the old and the new,  
Will revere or reject both as one.

So, dear rabbi, I tell you your labor is vain  
When you bring the old Testament up  
To refute the bold skeptic, and tell him again  
That this is his only safe prop.

No safety whatever, in all of that which  
Ye labor so hard to maintain;  
If the blind lead the blind, both will fall in the ditch,  
And there they will have to remain!

No reliance whatever should be placed upon Mr. Ingersoll's public statements when he speaks of sacred things or religious men. For example: He says, there is not a solitary passage of the Bible that speaks of the coming of Christ. Now, let it be remembered that Christ, under the old dispensation, was the great center to which all prophecy tended, and in which all the prophecies meet. The references to the coming of Christ are so numerous in the Old Testament Scriptures that we have neither time nor space, at present, to notice but a part. But these which we here introduce will well repay to read them with careful and earnest attention: To Adam Christ was spoken of as the seed of the woman—Gen. iii, 15; to Abraham as the one who should confer unspeakable blessings to him and his posterity, and down through all nations who would believe on his name—Gen. xxii, 18; to Moses as the Great Prophet like unto himself—Deut. xviii, 15; to Jacob as the Shiloh unto whom the gathering of the people should be—Gen. xlix, 10; and in the same chapter we see He was to belong to the tribe of Judah. And Isaiah vii, 14, says that he was to be born of a virgin; and xi, 1, says He was

to be of the stock of David; was to be born in Bethlehem—Mich.v,7; he was to appear during the existence of the kingdom of Judah—Gen. xlix, 10; and before the destruction of the second temple—Hag. ii, 7, 9; and 490 years after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity—Dan. ix, 24, 25; His coming was to be proclaimed by a forerunner—Mal. iii, 1; He was to open the eyes of the blind, and cause the lame to walk, and the dumb to speak—Isa. xxxv, 56; He was to be despised and rejected of men—Isa. liii, 3; He was to be betrayed by a familiar friend for thirty pieces of silver—Psalms xli, 9; He was to be condemned as a criminal; to be spit upon; to be smitten, scourged, and otherwise abused; gall and vinegar were to be given him to drink in the agonies of death. He was to be slain for the sins of others, and to be buried in a rich man's grave; He was to rise again, and become the plague of death; He was to ascend on high; His religion was to be established in the world. The Gentiles were to come to its light, and kings to the brightness of its rising.

Now, I ask any candid person, Is there no agreement between these predictions and the



history and character of Christ? Every person who has read the New Testament, and believes it to be a truthful record, must acknowledge an agreement in every particular. "And the spirit of prophecy is more clearly seen from the fact that these predictions were delivered, some two or three thousand, some a thousand, and the very latest four hundred years before the Christian era."

Let any one try his best, with the aid of all available history, and let him go as far back as he pleases, and select any names from the days of Shem to the death of Garfield, and try them by these predictions (to say nothing of the number left which we have not produced) and no two, fairly and honestly interpreted, will apply to any one of them. Human nature cannot, never could, furnish an instance in which they harmonize. All unite in Jesus of Nazareth! There is not one which the history of his infancy, public life, his condemnation, death, resurrection, and ascension to the Father, has failed to illustrate.

“The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.”  
Now, take the Universe, your god,  
And ask of that from whence it came;  
Should it reply to you, I was  
From all eternity the same,  
You might be satisfied indeed,  
Though but a phantom you have seen;  
But wiser heads would give no heed,  
For skeptics like you long have been.  
Then seek to understand its power—  
What it can do, or what it will;  
Can it uphold all things an hour,  
Or put a stop to nature’s wheel?  
What think you would its answer be—  
A truthful one, or none at all?  
Your theory false, you then might see,  
While frowns from millions on you fall.  
But plainly, let it speak and say,  
I am composed of worlds above,  
In countless numbers do they lay—  
None do I hate, and none I love.  
But I am matter, I am mind,  
I am good, and I am bad;  
No height can know, no depth can find,  
No heart I have to make me sad.

I care not what is done below,  
Nor what occurs above; the same  
Of future, nothing that I know,  
And neither do I know my name.

Those laws that are, from whence they came,  
Of life and death, of ease and pain,  
Are all to me about the same,  
Which moves the earth, and forms the rain.

From whence this information that  
Has quieted your skeptic mind;  
Who is your author now, and what  
New revelations do we find?

The answer you receive is not  
From heaven above, or earth below;  
And reason cannot hold you up—  
All this you do, or ought to, know.

Your conscience, if you've any left,  
Must smite you like a two-edged sword;  
But it's fearful that you are bereft  
Of every truth spoke by the Lord.

But talk with nature like a man,  
And let your reason gently move;  
Look at yourself, you'll see a plan  
Of wisdom, greatness, kindness, love!

Then look to heaven, behold the Sun,  
The moon and stars above your head:  
Their orbits faithfully they run,  
And will when scoffers all are dead!

But think you, did they make themselves,  
And make those laws which move them round?  
Show us the man who this believes;  
His faith and works are empty, sound!

Your story's old, yea, stale enough—  
Not drawn from reason, as you think;  
You rest your cause on worthless stuff,  
Your mind is racked, or on the brink!

If nature is what you have said,  
And worlds around us always were,  
With no Almighty hand to guide,  
Then whence the power that keeps them there?

You say the laws by which they're held  
In distance safe from each and all,  
Directs the course of every world,  
And saves them from a ruinous fall.

Which is the greater of the two,  
The blazing sun in distance far,  
Or that which tells it where to go,  
And how to hold its station there?

That law exists, you'll not deny,  
It's universal, too, you claim;  
In this we see a reason why  
All matter does its place maintain.

If you'll admit this simple truth,  
That law behind all nature stood,  
Confess you must, that though in youth  
It acted by the Almighty's word.

Or did it always live, as now—  
Direct, control all things around;  
No matter how far back we go,  
Could universal law be found?

Now, in this law is wisdom seen,  
And power and might, beyond control;  
No difference if it's always been,  
By it these ponderous orbs do roll.

If it has power to hold them up,  
It must have power to let them down;  
And should this law withdraw its prop,  
Where would the universe be found?

If universal law is here,  
And throws its hand to distant space,  
Upholding all things far and near,  
While worlds unnumbered run their race;

If it's compelled to this at all,  
    *That force* is greater in extent;  
If it exists beyond control,  
    That power is then Omnipotent!

But what is law, again I say;  
    I ask of matter and of mind;  
I travel to the milky way—  
    An answer there I cannot find.

I down the headlong steep return—  
    Imagination speeds my way;  
From world to world my course I run,  
    Resolved, the whole I will survey.

I meet with flaming orbs on high,  
    And comets blazing far and near,  
In countless millions, pass them by,  
    Astonished much, but none I fear.

By law they all admit they live—  
    It's law they say, by which they move;  
In this they satisfaction have,  
    The song they sing is: God is love!

And this all nature does confess,  
    That law was made by God alone;  
His power upholds, and nothing less  
    Sustains the sun, the stars, or moon.

Being anxious yet, some more to know

Its meaning, and to comprehend;

For little can I see or how

This power from world to world extend.

Think what you will, there is a force

Which runs through matter everywhere;

Refined or not, it's law of course

Which chains the rock and lightning glare.

Attraction, we are told, is law—

Repulsion, too a law must be;

The one implies the power to draw—

In the other we resistance see.

Both equal these, there is no doubt,

But no perception either has;

Yet wisdom in this plan throughout

Is seen, by those who know the laws.

These laws not matter, neither mind,

For if the first they would be seen,

If not the second, naught we find—

There is nothing personal between.

But still the universe remains,

And every pebble's holding fast;

The law throughout it still obtains,

And surely will from first to last.

And yet the thought recurs again,  
What is that law of which we speak?  
The will of God, which still remain,  
No other explanation seek!

But you will not believe, for one,  
Because you say it cannot be  
That God himself should live alone  
Through all the past eternity.

A strange idea of God you have—  
I hope but few like you are found;  
The measure that to him you give,  
Is like a circle on the ground.

What difference can it make to Him  
How long creation lingered on?  
Almighty God depends on none  
To cheer him with a maiden song.

To you, dear sir, the past is gone,  
The future you may never use;  
The present only is your own,  
And that you labor to abuse!

Not so with God whom you despise,  
He sees the past, yea, all thats been;  
The present he beholds likewise—  
Through all the future He does reign.



So if the past had nothing there  
But God Himself, the only Wise;  
Your assertion's but a skeptic's scare,  
Unlike the books you say "are lies."

You murmur much at mysteries great  
Which around Jehovah always dwell,  
And explanations all you hate,  
That would to you the truth reveal.

Your rage increases when you see  
Your feeble mind can't comprehend  
God, Who's from all eternity,  
And Who will never have an end.

No one expected that you could  
The Almighty Maker ferret out;  
And had you this but understood,  
Much wiser you would be, no doubt.

You cannot see that there's a God  
Who never did begin to be;  
And yet the theory you applaud,  
That matter's from eternity!

Eternity is something that's  
Beyond the grasp of human mind.  
It's length, its breadth, its depth and height,  
Although we seek, well never find.

Our reason cannot this unfold,  
Our penetration ne'er can see,  
Though we should live through ages old,  
Yet none can prove the eternity  
Of matter in this universe,  
Or mind subordinate the same;  
Your theory, then, you should reverse,  
And recognize Jehovah's Name!  
And more than this your duty is,  
For all you have is from God's hand;  
Then study hard to know his laws,  
And love and keep his great command.  
And then you'll see your dreadful state--  
How great a sinner you have been;  
And then your stubborn heart will break,  
You'll learn to pray and cease to sin.  
You claim to have a conscience clear—  
No condemnation on you rest;  
And this you've sounded far and near,  
And seem to think your cause is just.  
You've studied human nature some,  
There is no doubt at all to me;  
You claim you do not stand alone—  
It's true! but sad, all men may see!

But numbers is not what we ask  
 From men who claim so much to know;  
 But reason, sir, from first to last,  
 Philosophers should always show.

In this you most defective are,  
 It's bold assertions that you make;  
 And what is worse you are not aware  
 That men applaud you through mistake!

A specimen, pray let me give  
 Of what you call conclusion true;  
 Thus: Jesus Christ did surely live,  
 But nothing wonderful did do.

Your first a true assertion is,  
 For Christ was born, as Matthew said;  
 And spent His time mankind to bless,  
 And on Him all our sins were laid.

In substance, this you got from those  
 Who saw His life and wrote the same;  
 This you believe, as I suppose;  
 If you deny, *you lose your fame.*

Your shrewdness here, is active quite—  
 You know for you 'twill never do  
 To cast all history out of sight;  
 And this all Atheists well know!

But after you've admitted that,  
No thanks to you, dear sir, we say;  
Your skeptic mind then takes a tack—  
His miracles you then deny.

And yet Philosophy you claim  
Of equal merit with the great;  
But not a reason have you shown,  
Why you should trifle at this rate.

Now pause a moment, skeptic man,  
And tell us how you came to know  
That Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
As Jewish prophets did foreshow?

Has Greece or Rome produced a man  
Who left on record this event,  
And pointed out the birth of Him,  
And shown us how His life was spent?

Did Philo speak the name of Him,  
In all the writings he has made?  
Perhaps you'll say Josephus did;  
Then what is it that he has said?

The Name of Him he spoke distinct,  
And of His miracles and power;  
And strange to say, he could not think  
That Christ was man, and nothing more!

If you, dear sir, have ever read  
The early history of our Lord,  
You've taken that from what is said  
By those who wrote the Word of God.

So you acknowledge that the men  
Whom you despise with all your heart,  
In speaking of the birth of Him,  
Were truthful in what they did state.

What reason, sir, have you to show  
Why one is truthful, as we say;  
That Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
And in a manger there did lay?

The same authorities which tell  
Us who His mother Mary was,  
In simple truth declare full well;  
For truth they sought, and not applause.

That never man like Him did speak,  
To this His enemies agreed;  
He healed the sick and cured the weak,  
And with his voice He raised the dead.

Is all this nothing that He did:  
To chain the demon at His will,  
To cleanse the leper at His bid,  
And tell the boisterous waves, be still?

Why should you not the whole refuse,  
Or else at once the whole deny?  
Good reasoning, sir you do not use—  
And so you say the rest's a lie.

Now Rousseau was a Deist, which  
Is bad enough, it's true;  
And what he says about himself,  
To you may not be new.

A drunkard was he from his youth,  
And debauchee likewise;  
He says, sometimes he spoke the truth,  
But frequently told lies.

He scruples not to tell the truth,  
That he not honest was;  
But steal he would, as he has told,  
Regardless of the laws.

But bad as Rousseau ever was,  
The statement, sir, is true!  
Compared with your profanity,  
*Was a better man than you.*

For in his sober moments, he  
Confessed the name of God;  
Though Christian still he failed to be,  
Yet owned that He is good!

Now, this is but a part of what  
A pious man should do;  
Yet to confess the Name of God,  
Is something you forego.

Disgraced you think you'd surely be,  
To own a God above;  
But here's a wiser man, you see,  
Confessed that God is love!

And though he erred in many ways,  
He's truthful in this one—  
A great confession when he says  
It's God who rules alone!

It's true an infidel he lived—  
And such he also died—  
Unlike you, sir, he never said  
That Christ's disciples lied—

When they proclaimed the works of Him  
Whom often you denied.  
When did he question what they said  
Of how Christ lived and died?

The style in which he writes of Christ,  
More like a Christian man;  
Then an Atheist is a truthful one,  
Deny it if you can!

I mean in sentiment, of course,  
Relating to a God;  
And Christ, who taught His holy laws,  
And shed His precious blood.

---

Rousseau, in his contrast between Christ and Socrates, says: "But where could Jesus learn among his competitors that pure and sublime morality of which He only has given us both precept and example?" Again he says: "Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelistic history a mere fiction? indeed, it bears not the marks of fiction. On the contrary, the history of Socrates, which nobody presumes to doubt, is not as well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should agree to write such a history than that only one should be the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of such diction, and strangers to the morality contained in the Gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."



The Englishman, Chubb, an infidel was,  
 And labored quite hard to establish his views,  
 He wrote many pages in order to show,  
 When the present life ceases we nothing will know.  
 Yet he believed in a God, who ruleth on high,  
 And formed all creation in earth and in sky;  
 His power he confessed omnipotent is,  
 But still disregarded His word and His laws.  
 Not in judgment we set on Chubb, nor on you,  
 Our strictures presented are short, and but few,  
 But the works of you both are known very well,  
 His truth, and your falsehood the rustic can tell.  
 It is truth which he says that Jehovah does reign,  
 Which is sung thro' creation in accents so plain;  
 That God is a spirit, who pervadeth all space,  
 And by goodness and wisdom he ruleth our race.  
 But it's false, my dear Ingersoll, which you declare  
 That Jehovah's a *notion* and dwelleth nowhere,  
 Except in the fancy of weak-minded men,  
 The Jews and the Christians, you say, are the same.

Chubb was one of the most celebrated of  
 English infidel writers. Hear what he says:  
 "In Christ we have an example of a quiet and  
 peaceable spirit, of a becoming modesty and

sobriety, just and honest, upright and sincere, and, above all, of a most gracious and benevolent temper and behavior; one who did no wrong, no injury to any man, in whose mouth was no guile; who went about doing good, not only by his preaching and ministry; but also in curing all manner of diseases among the people."

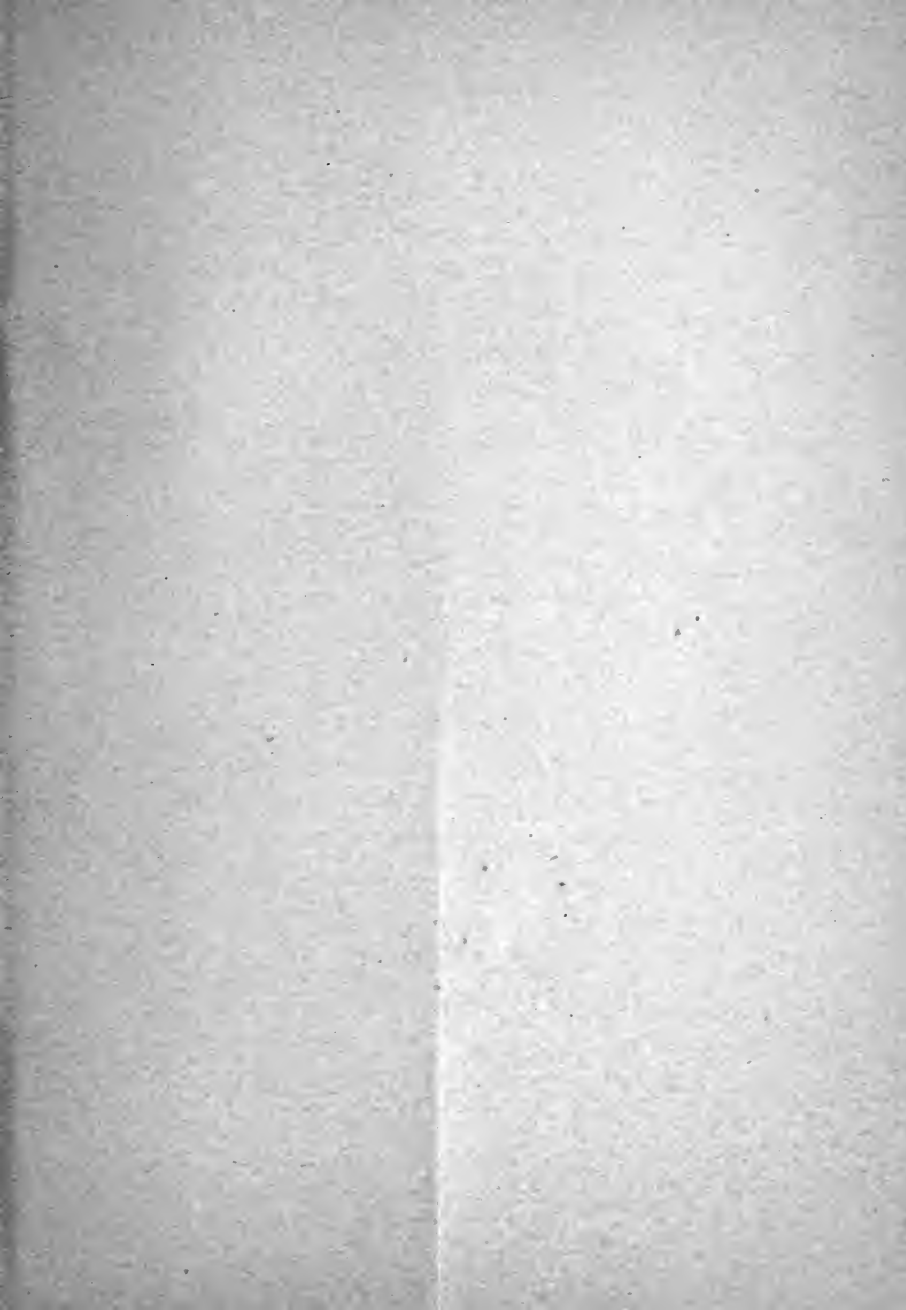
---

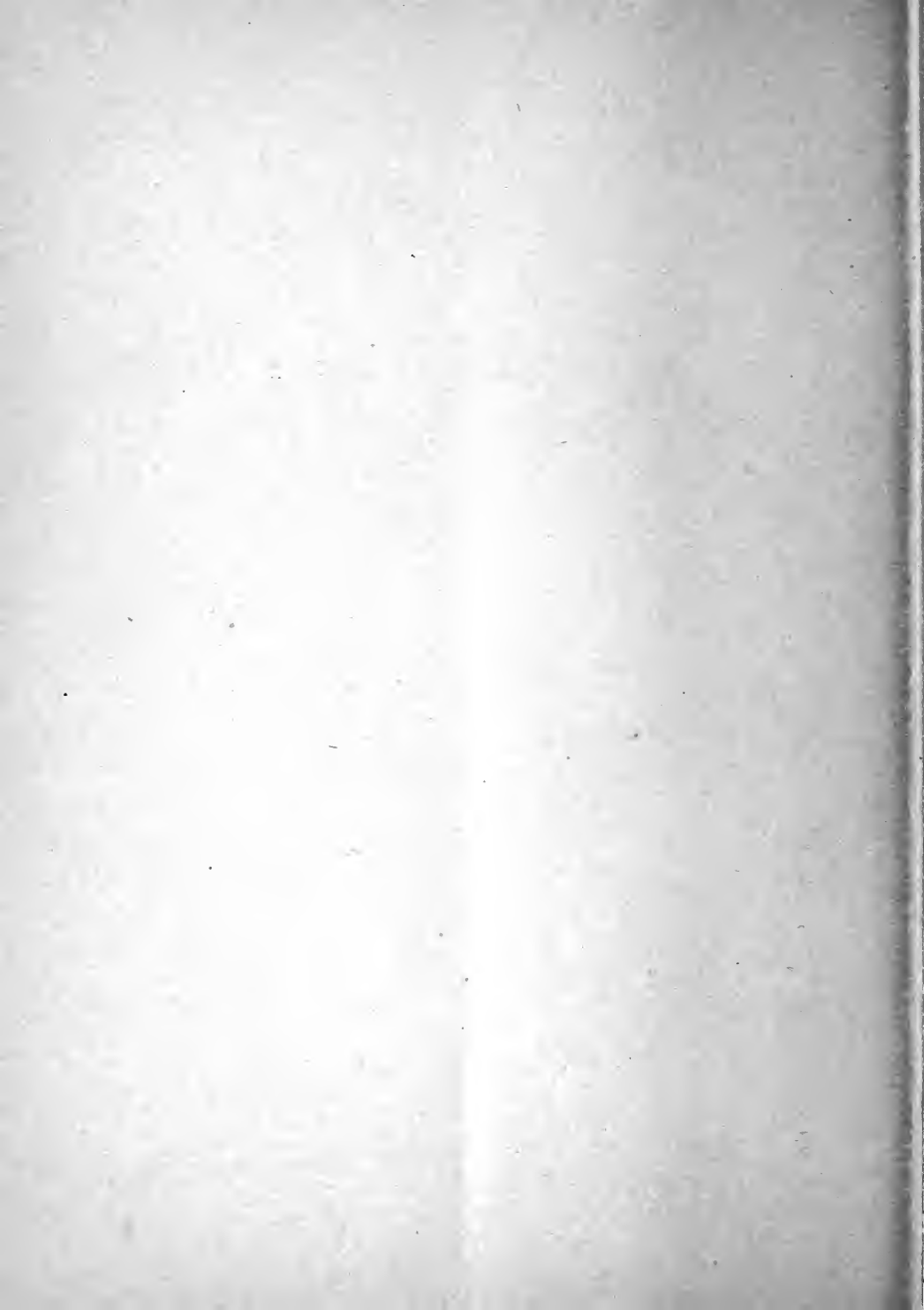
So now we leave you dear sir, and your company of sneering infidels, fit associates for a man of your habits, and avowed intention, in the hands of God, *whom you despise!* We have no fears that any thing which you can say, or do, will take from the Christian his hope of heaven through the merits of Christ, or induce our Almighty Maker to relinquish the government of this world, though stained with sin, or stop the wheels of moral progression, or arrest the course of the angel, who flies through the midst of heaven, and far outstrips the lightning speed, to spread eternal truth from pole to pole.

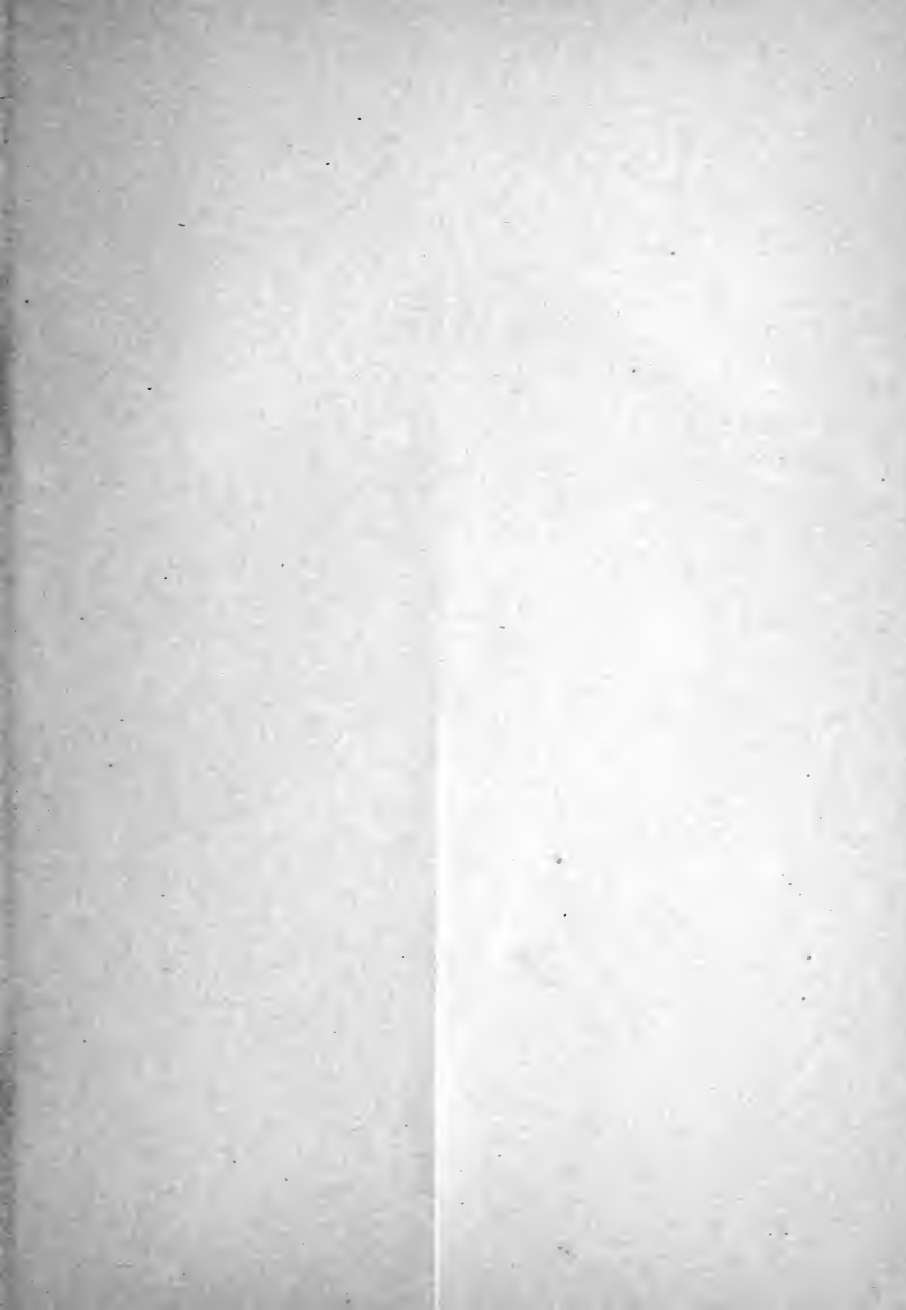
I remain; dear sir, not in sympathy with any principle opposed to the Gospel of Christ.

S. DUNNETT.

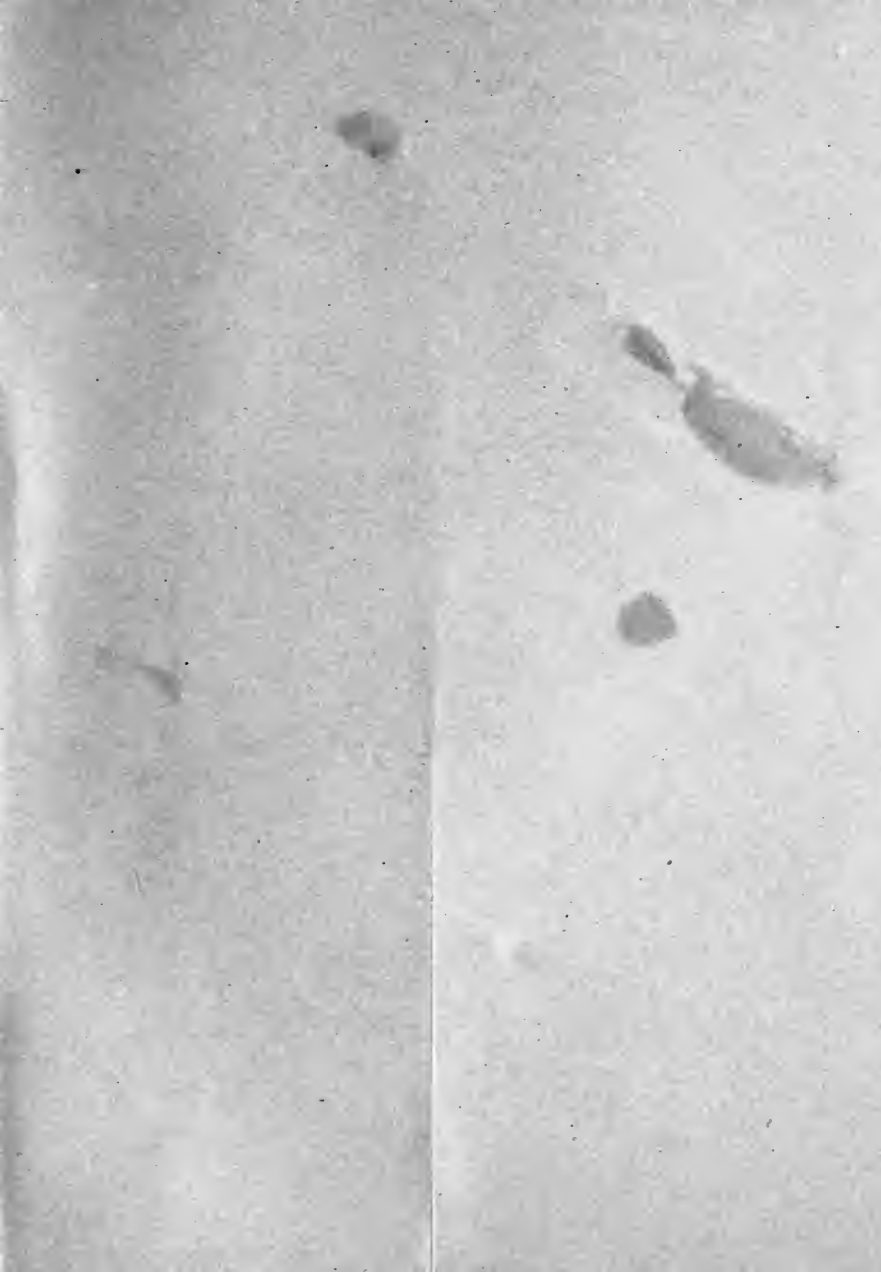
Solomon City, Kan., October 8th, 188~~8~~<sup>7</sup>.











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 019 971 816 2

JAW

INGER

7170 812

INDIAN CONFEDERATES

BY S

WITH

1888

WOLONG